

## CREATIVITY AND OPENNESS

*by James Street Fulton*

The discussion we are beginning deals with some of the ideas most characteristic of the twentieth century and most peculiar to it. They are frequently subtle and, worse, they usually cut across the grain of habitual thought. But they are not contrived or impossibly difficult, because in a curious way we share an almost instinctive grasp of what they are about.

My starting point is a position which I found myself expounding nearly twenty-five years ago in criticizing a now forgotten tendency to suppose that man's hope lies in the growth and exploitation of "Science." Years of intervening study and reflection have taught me how much that early position needs to be refined, so that a fresh statement, much more than a rehash, is for me an imperative. On that project I now embark, fully aware of the heavy demand to be laid on the careful attention and "openness" of my audience.

The word "creativity" in the title might be taken to suggest the innovative originality of a Plato or Kant in philosophy, a Galileo, Newton, or Einstein in physics, an Aeschylus, Dante, or Shakespeare in poetry, a Fra Angelico, Rembrandt, El Greco, or Goya in painting, and so on for all the arts and architecture. The suggestion is not entirely out of place; but for the purpose of the present reflections "creativity" shall be understood primarily in relation to all there is, rather than being limited to the human dimension.

"Openness," on the other hand, relates us to the dimension of human creativity, for human creativity is more akin to discovery, or even revelation, than to invention. Like all existence, human existence participates in a universal creative process to which it owes its Being. In our lives, as we call our mode of Being, that process wears the guise of freedom. My thesis is that the human being is freely creative or creatively free only by virtue of his openness to the entrance of truth.

So baldly stated, the thesis seems an appallingly unexciting commonplace, and yet it invites questions as unavoidable as they are fundamental. If our freedom reveals to us our position at a vital node of creative process, it imposes on us an inherent responsibility that defines our sense of Being, with its intimate feeling for, and premonitory understanding of, our potentialities.

Each of us finds himself in a predicament that, though common to all mankind, is nevertheless uniquely *his* predicament. By virtue of the common we are mutually intelligible; by virtue of the uniqueness the individual is opaque.

You cannot live my life, nor I yours. Nobody else can live for me, or learn, decide, comport himself for me, or die for me, except metaphorically of course. Each of us must make his own way in the world. To live is to be under way, each step needing a next step to avoid a fall. Our Being is in motion—*in* motion—not as a thing moves complete from here to there. We live *as* motion and with emotion, for our Being is generation, genesis, coming-to-be, Be-coming. Our Being is a be-ing, a particular formative process achieving determinateness or “character.” But this character is not the stamp of a fixed essence, human nature; it imposes a constraint—we cannot jump out of our own skins—and yet it remains as plastic as freedom and as open-ended as our conceivable possibilities.

Each moment of life is an endeavor having intrinsic direction toward some objective, which it intends, cautiously foresees, and anticipates.<sup>1</sup> Each moment thus presents its specific, large or small emergency, because, if for no other reason, it is our emergence, our self-formation for good or ill. Emergence reflects an exercise of freedom; we must choose the next step. Repetitive though our choices may turn out to be, the emerging moment is always new and induplicable. We may seem to do the same thing twice; but the doing is never the same, being necessarily a second doing freshly chosen. The decision to adopt a policy or pursue a course of action is not the same as the decision to persist in it; nothing compels us to carry out a project to the end. We do not even have to go on living, unless we steadily renew our determination to do so. We should not forget, however, that a burden of choice presupposes a field of fresh opportunity.

Obviously, it is not I that provides the opportunities for my choice. As part of the structure of freedom they too come to pass with the emerging moment of decision. Possibilities would not be opportunities, were they not presented as alternatives for choice. Choice would not be choice without having options to confront that do not owe their presence to the choosing.

We and all “creation” thus come to pass together. Being is intrinsically temporal. In the form of character the past imposes constraints on us and our world; in the form of opportunity, the future enters our presence and liberates us. Thus Time is presence embracing past, present, and future in unity.<sup>2</sup> Being is the time-filled process of concrete emergence. As finite participants in the process, we have Being happen to us. Our Being is our lot, our fate and destiny, and yet we have a share in its formation. Such is the paradoxical situation to which thought must again and again return.

“Creativity” is thus the secret of Being and Time. It is ultimate in an inescapable sense—and mysterious. On the human level, “openness” is the finite response to the creative potential. Through openness we become responsive to broad reaches of genuine opportunities and so become responsible in

relation to them. Openness, then, is the condition that a man in his finitude must provide in order to share responsibly in the shaping of his own fate.

A man is open when he appreciates his true condition and true opportunities. This is not a very satisfactory statement. "Appreciates" is just the verb of "openness," and "true" begs a number of questions. I shall have more to say about all this before the end; but right now it may help if we consider "unopenness."

For the unopen man truth lies concealed, and he wanders lost in darkness. Falseness shrouds and permeates the world in which he lives. To that false world no one can relate himself responsibly, for the proper relation to falsity is denial, and that means refusal to live in a false world. The worst trouble is that the free being is not simply a victim of ineptitude, but in his unopenness has responsibility for not perceiving and not appreciating what in a sense is nevertheless in his presence. The unopen being is frustrated and unfulfilled; with difficulty does he break out of the bonds of his own blindness which he has at bottom chosen, being, in Plato's phrase, "a principal accomplice in his own captivity."<sup>3</sup> Thus unopenness is not just a quality or property of a person, but a way of life, a more or less willful absorption in some activity diverting attention from our principal concern with personal fulfillment. Almost any activity will do, from obvious diversions like puzzles and games and busywork to business and work and money-making, not to mention research and scholarship. What scholar indeed has not even once wondered whether his scholarship amounts to much more than an agreeable pastime, and then has looked away from something inexplicit tugging at his center? Unopenness is partly privation, like blindness, and partly coverup, like "stonewalling."

My language throughout has unmistakably echoed philosophers from whom I have learned much. "Creativity" reminds us of Whitehead; "option," of William James; "Being" and much else, of Heidegger. No good purpose would be served by recounting the particular forms of my indebtedness, which I gratefully acknowledge. What matters are the insights on which my discourse depends. Insights, I need hardly say, cannot be passed from one to another like stones. Those with which I am concerned are more like plants growing from seeds native to the soil of individual existence; we may cultivate but not plant them. Less metaphorically, to repeat what was said before, we cannot *learn* from one another. Communication at a fundamental level is elicitation. Education is inducement rather than instruction.

But what inducement will elicit understanding? Perhaps what has helped me will also help others; consequently, I shall enlist the aid of two surprisingly kindred authors to whom I have myself responded with growing insight into what matters: namely, the American William James (1842-1910) and the German Martin Heidegger (1889-present). I hope to bring out first what we dare not neglect in James and also what he leaves unexamined. In this unexamined area Heidegger will be found to invite us to dwell.

Only within the last fifteen or twenty years have we been able to recognize how many basic postures James shares with Heidegger, postures which, for lack of anything better, are generally labeled "Existentialist." At the very minimum existentialism means that our thinking about reality leads through our direct involvement in living actively in the world. Reality, including our world, is neither a fixed order nor thing-like. The essential character of the real cannot be read off the familiar kinds of particular things among which we find ourselves, for the course of events, what really happens, includes and thus depends on our own free but finite human contribution. Contrary to the tradition of metaphysics, Reality, Being, is for neither James nor Heidegger a substance or a subject, but a history, a fateful tale unfolding to an unforeseeable because indeterminate conclusion. Being free, man lives in radical insecurity. Theoretical certainty, even if it were attainable, would provide only a model of security, not security itself. Our understanding has to be of a different order, emerging with the concrete process of being a living human.

Perhaps what living humanly means can be appreciated more readily by listening to some of James's brilliant phrases.<sup>4</sup>

"The concrete man," James wrote, "has but one interest—to be right." He has not much to go on. "Naked he is flung into the world, and between him and nature there are no rules of civilized warfare." "In the total game of life we stake our persons all the while." And now for James's peculiar Pragmatism, in this relentless gamble of life, we must go all out, acting "energetically" in faith where knowledge fails, in the hope of finding concrete personal fulfillment that otherwise would not fall to our lot. "A concrete bit of personal experience" is, as a bare object is not, "a full fact," "of the kind to which all realities whatsoever must belong." "That unsharable feeling which each one of us has of the pinch of his individual destiny as he privately feels it rolling out on fortune's wheel . . . is the one thing that fills up the measure of our concrete actuality, and any would-be existent that should lack such a feeling, or its analogue, would be a piece of reality only half made up." "However particular questions connected with our individual destinies may be answered, it is only by acknowledging them as genuine questions, and living in the sphere of thought which they open up, that we become profound." There we come into "possession of ultimate reality at the only points at which reality is given us to guard. Our responsible concern is with our private destiny, after all."

Now this concern with private destiny is not a matter of theory but of practice, not of judgment but of commitment. It always involves choice of some and elimination of other possibilities. If by our efforts we help to make certain possibilities into fact, our freedom becomes manifest as a constituent of any reality more than half made up. James thus looked upon an all-out effort to win fulfilling individual destiny as an indispensable precondition of its possible attainment.

Not to make the effort is to become, in James's disparaging term, "anaesthetic," that is, devoid of genuine feeling, compelling concern, courageous action. *That* life cannot win, whether or not another can, for the anaesthetic man is already half dead, cravenly afraid to live life. Though nothing is certain, the energetic man at least has a chance; but the chance is a risk that he must take. He must summon all his powers and leap into the void, relying only on the faith that he will land safely somewhere beyond. Without this transcendence life would for James be meaningless.

We have thus followed James to a dimension of human existence that defies pat matter-of-fact explanation. However far we carry our confirmed knowledge, he reminds us, we are left "wondering 'Why was there anything but nonentity; why just this universal datum and not another.' " James holds this "ontological wonder sickness" to be the motive generating all metaphysics. Despite that, he actually had little to say about it. He took the Being of the world for granted with us in it, and never lived resolutely in the wonder of wonders.

Can we settle for that? I do not think so. If belief in the possibility of a fact makes an indispensable contribution to its realization, then human agency choosing freely and persisting staunchly must be involved in the Being of any field of action whatsoever. "What shall I do" cannot be divorced from the question, "Why is there something rather than nothing; this rather than that?" In other words we must rethink the relation of man and universe. And we must avoid an alternative toward which James's attitude is often, to say the least, ambiguous. I think the human mode of existence is neither so private nor so individual as James may allow. He sometimes treats our beliefs as psychologically derivative from incidental circumstances, as if our choices were psychologically defined. But the existing world is the world we live in, a meaningful world enriched by our concerns, cares, beliefs, efforts, triumphs and tragedies. If it includes the so-called "psychological," it includes it as essential to its Being anything at all.

That world exists not just for man, but with each man already in it, before anything is *for* him. The world is not a ready-made thing, but the field of possible action, which is involved in man's existence and becomes opened to him in thought. For us this world is the world of Western Civilization, which sustains and is sustained by our individual chosen actions in this epoch of history. We live in a computerized world, because we chose the technological life. Technology did not make us slaves to the machine. We have machines because we chose to serve technology. Our world like any other is full of myth and fiction. And yet that is the world we really pass our lives in. Much of that world may indeed be a work of the imagination; all the same, the world is not on that account merely imaginary. It is the only world there is. There is no so-called real world behind it. Behind it is nothing. Our life world alone has Being.

Being? What do we mean by that? This embarrassing question can no longer be escaped. Obviously, a simple answer will not be expected; in fact, so strange a question seems to suggest no answer whatsoever. Maybe Heidegger can aid our wavering insight,<sup>5</sup> for no thinker in recent history has responded so devotedly to this question.

Even more than James, Heidegger felt the terror of freedom and absolute responsibility. Unlike James, he did not hope to justify choice by verification in the spiritual life analogous to that in natural science; nor did he consider a leap of faith an intelligible project. Truth does not reside in a method of verification, but in a form of life. Where James tried to leap with faith into the fullness of life, Heidegger hopes for fullness, truth, through allowing the dead branches of indifference to drop away in the hope that light may break into the clearing thereby created in our busy confusion. James is not clear, as Heidegger is, that Being is not *a* being, not even the supreme being. Being is not a universal or a property of beings as such, not subject or object, substance or transcendental ego, and not even the ground of beings.

Does this deluge of negatives leave us anything to say or any way of saying it? Must we invent a new language? *Can* we? Heidegger would reply, in one word, "No!" In two words, "No. But—."

Here two words are better than one. A new language is not needed so much as an ear for the old one. Living language is full of almost forgotten reminiscences of the primordial non-theoretical understanding of what it means to Be. That existential understanding expressed in language elicits recognition without describing or explaining anything. The discourse to which our ontological wonder sickness gives rise shapes itself on its task; for, as Heidegger says, "Words grow on meanings."<sup>6</sup> Primordial source meanings remain alive in language, however surreptitiously. Though thinking be our most proper vocation, we do not need just one more philosophy, Heidegger's or Fulton's. Existentially speaking, thinking is *not* problem-solving; it does not so much as try to cure the ontological wonder sickness. On the contrary, if we hear Heidegger correctly, it keeps us painfully feeling it, not seeking solace in some palliative that helps forgetfulness—"Take Sominex and sleep." The wonder sickness, though without cure, does have an appropriate response, which is to face the question and constantly live in it, for it is the question most worth asking.

All this may sound like subterfuge; but it is more than that. It goes beyond Wittgenstein's famous assertion, "What we cannot speak of we must keep silent about."<sup>7</sup> Even Wittgenstein, before writing those words, had spoken at length of what he could not speak about. He supposed that some could eventually understand his "elucidations" well enough to dismiss his propositions as "nonsensical," when they had "used them—as steps—to climb beyond them."<sup>8</sup> Heidegger perhaps is not so different, but bolder. He coaxes us to



listen for the hidden message of our language, where is voiced that which fills our existence silently in any case. His language is more like the poet's than like daily discourse, but more subject than poetry to systematic restraints.

Now, the "truth" that Heidegger speaks of must be conceived in some exceptional way distinguishing it from the truths that we usually seek. Correspondingly, philosophical reason must be distinguished from reasoning *about* things and ideas. Both these great topics, truth and reason, must be addressed, but with extreme brevity.

Probably the quickest approach to our goal is by way of an interesting peculiarity of the German language. In German, *Vernunft* is the word for reason in the sense of the highest capacity of mind, as in Kant's *Critique of Pure Vernunft*. *Vernunft* is related to the verb *vernehmen* as, for example, *Ankunft* (arrival) is related to the verb *ankommen* (Has the train come in yet?). What then does *vernehmen* mean? It means 'to perceive,' 'to take in,' especially by hearing rather than sight; it also means 'to interrogate,' for example, a suspect. The word for 'perceive' in philosophical German is regularly *wahrnehmen*, with a bias toward observation of objects. Significantly, Cassell's *Dictionary* gives 'visible' for *wahrnehmbar* and 'audible' for *vernehmbar*. The lesson of this philological aside, due to Heidegger, is this: Reason is like hearing, which must await the arrival of the message, rather than like vision, which shoots out and overtakes a world at a distance. The thinker is a listener, intuitive and patient. He must listen even when no sound is to be heard; that is, he must keep ready for the advent of truth and open to it. If he listens to silence, he may hear the unheard of.

Two things stand out. First, truth is to be conceived as a happening, not as the value of a proposition or as a relation of representation to fact or as the coherence of all judgments in a rational system. We must think of truth in a way both strange and curiously familiar. Second, our proper attitude to truth is calm but alert patience, reflective rather than experimental, a posture allowed to him only who, as Heidegger says, has learned to renounce voluntarily his own willfulness. Such a one is a kind of "drop out," who refuses to play conventional roles in the "establishment," not out of petulance, but in order to live more adequately and, almost in James's sense, more energetically. If truth is to happen to us, we must make room in our lives for it to enter and take possession, transforming our Being. Is that not ancient wisdom?

Even so, it may still seem strange to speak of truth as a happening. Where lies the fault? In the existential sense truth is something like a revelation of secret powers or, more accurately, the revealedness of such powers when exercised. Existential truth is neither theoretical nor propositional, but immediately pervasive as a form of life. Methods of verification, *à la* James, are irrelevant; what can verify truth but truth? Neither is logical rigor enough, or correctness, or coherence. Unfortunately, to speak of revelation smacks too

much of theological commitments. That is why it is perhaps justifiable to say that truth is "unconcealment," an indigestible barbarism commonly accepted in translating Heidegger's neologism *Unverborgenheit*, itself a contrived rendering of the Greek for truth, *alētheia*. What matters to us, though, is to recognize the existential possibility of having truth happen as a mode of our Being.

Unconcealment is the existential exhibition of our condition, unfolding its intrinsic nature. On the one hand, it involves our allowing it to unfold; on the other hand, we cannot make it do so, for it remains persistently opaque. It is our destiny, which we are partly responsible for, but which always prevails over us. Though not possible without our choosing it, the world we live in is always more than we bargained for. Our destiny keeps in hiding, even when we do not cravenly consign it to oblivion. Destiny is the correlate of freedom. Man's Being is freedom—and fate.

Freedom is jeopardy, for we are free to die and so are pressed by the need to live significantly. James called it the need to be right. It drives us to think—and to drink, since we are no less free to try to hide from that need. This possibility of obliviousness to the most imperious need accompanies each step we take as a constant risk and danger. But at this point it will help to recall, with Heidegger, two of the poet Hölderlin's lines: "Yet where danger is, grows/Also that which saves."<sup>9</sup>

The truth of which we have been speaking can happen to us, because it is a mode of Being. It carries its own enlightenment with it; but itself is not enlightenment so much as a condition making enlightenment possible. That is to say, it is not *primarily* intellectual or even cognitive, but existential. In this connection Heidegger often speaks of a clearing (*Lichtung*) in the thicket (*Dickung*) through which life must break its trail. In this dark wood there are no beaten paths, no "rules of civilized warfare," no Platonic forms or eternal essences. Sometimes we come upon a clearing into which light enters and allows each thing to stand in our presence openly just as it is.

We cannot compel truth to happen to us; at best we can try to leave an opening for it by trying to keep out of the way. Ontological truth is the creativity of freedom opening upon itself. When truth happens to us, then we hear the world pulsing in us, as it and we and our fellowmen have Being in that epoch. We then perceive our fate and destiny. Always our Being is temporal and temporary, never a fixed substance with an eternal essence; else it would not be truly itself. Our essence, including our world, is an is-ing, a free and open-ended continuing activity. The emergency of each emerging moment offers inspiration to any being open to it.

Openness and inspiration are not two but one in the happening of truth. Open, we become possessed of Being as it takes possession of us. In all this we are interpreting, crudely to be sure, Being as creative process. Being is not *a* being, a thing, object, subject, substance, essence, but a happening under way



toward an indeterminate and undetermined issue. Just as Plato, in the *Symposium*, has Socrates depict man as the bastard offspring of Poverty and Plenty, an interim being situated in the interval between the two; so too does Heidegger assign the being of man to the uneasy *Zwischen*, the betwixt and between, neither nothing nor quite something, more like a relation than a term, rather an effort-toward than a settled achievement, a continual wondering wandering. The wandering finds no official guideposts along the paths it opens up; it does, if seriously wondering, sometimes find new clearings opening before it. From one side, they seem our own invention, the work of imagination; from the other side, they seem gifts conferred upon us in our watchful waiting, for we are not capable of imagining just anything whatever we please.

Man, James thought, faced options to be decided among competing alternatives, which he called hypotheses, but which might better have been called "projects." Dewey, I think more subtly, understood the decision among competing "preferences" as the formation or creation of a *new* preference. Preferences were thus plastic and regenerable. Heidegger, pertinently, sees our possibilities as identical with our likes and dislikes. He reads in the German words for possibility and possible, *Möglichkeit* and *möglich*, the meaning of the verb *mögen*, to like. Our possibilities are our likes, or what appeals to us. Our likes liberate and also limit us. The creativity of process generates likes by which we become possessed, provided that we leave ourselves open to them. The scientific mind must keep open to even unwelcome facts and must devise upsetting theories to accommodate them. The moral agent must keep open to the personal lives about him in his world and find new solutions to old moral dilemmas. The artist must so shape his works as to let truth work in them and suffuse feeling with insight. The thinker must inquire and criticize and argue in the hope that he too may provide an opening into which truth may enter and rule.

Now at last, we return to a question not yet squarely met. What do we mean by Being? What indeed can we mean, and must we mean, if we honestly face the paradoxical temporality of Being? Heidegger raised the question in his masterwork, *Being and Time*, but found himself unequal to its demands, until thirty-five years later he could return to the topic in a challenging short essay called "Time and Being."

So much that I have been saying reflects my study of that essay that little needs to be added now. What stands out is that Being and Coming-to-Be are one. Time has Being and Being takes Time. They involve one another in an identity embracing origination, abiding, and perishing, a conrescence that in relation to man is doom and destiny, a *Geschick* or dispensation of fate. Now, one meaning of *Geschick* is skill or aptitude, what we are capable of, and *that* is the dispensation of fate, our lot in life. We are reminded of the insight that we are what we are capable of, and are capable only of such possibilities as

appeal to us. The Event of Being is the emergence of possibilities which take possession of us through our freely accepting them into ourselves.

Man, therefore, is central to the Event of Being, for nothing but man has a destiny. Only he is reached by the presence of beings, including the presence of what is no longer present and the presence of the impending crisis that is not yet present. The past and the future are in our presence, though neither is the present. They grow near in the nearness of intimacy, not on an abstract grid of Space-Time. In the current cliché, they are always "relevant."

The Event of Being in which Time and Being creatively define one another for a field of individual beings has an inalterably opaque center, for it withholds itself even as it bestows our destiny. Truth, unconcealment, includes that dark spot of concealment. Metaphysics has traditionally tried to disguise such opacity by supposing it possible to identify some supreme being or ultimate principle that predetermines the indeterminable, a magic feat that would provide a fate secure against our freedom.

The Event of Being, however, necessarily includes the human exercise of freedom; otherwise there would not be the "world" which is always "worlding" because we live in it, nor would there be we who are there in the worlding world. By our freedom we participate in the Event of Being, but do so finitely. Our free decisions and actions let things be by opening up a world in which things are presences defining our field of action. Our freedom is bestowed upon us as our lot, which is the aptitudes that take us as their own by our making them our own. Thus we live our values. We cannot make objects of them; they cannot be dismissed as subjective. Our choices are required for the Event of Being.

If we may take so much for granted, then clearly the human being lives creatively, not as a god but as a poet. He needs what used to be called "inspiration," if he is to "dwell poetically" in his world of earth, sky, mortals, and divinities. That which elicits symbols and metaphors is not of his making. As Heidegger sometimes puts the case, language uses the poet and philosopher for its utterance; it speaks *to* them by speaking *through* them. The Event that appropriates us includes our own free decision that takes for our own those likes that "inspire" us; but we cannot choose our inspiration, for that overtakes us as our fate.

What I have said hardly makes a beginning; but I shall conclude by briefly mentioning two respects in which our guiding insight needs enrichment.

The first concerns the moral dimension of life, of which so little has been explicitly said thus far. We are now at least in a position to appreciate how it belongs to the inherent structure of our existence. Openness, we have seen, runs counter to the human tendency to shirk the tasks of freedom. If truth happens to us, we perceive things freshly and respond to new possibilities. In particular, the open man accepts things in their own right and lets them be; for example, he lives in, not on, nature. More difficult still is to let persons be

persons, a feat achieved only by our becoming open to one another in the existential mode commonly and carelessly called "love." Love is the precondition of perceiving persons in their tremulous freedom and so as having "dignity" rather than mere "value."

Now the final point. The notion of Event of Being contains a serious ambiguity. Whereas the opacity of the creative process suggests endless plasticity without aim or direction, our instinctive understanding of freedom, on the other hand, includes the need to be right as essential to it, which would make no sense but for some obscurely felt objective that is not ours to set. Though man live poetically in the creative Event, he is finite and reaches after a gift of inspiration, a *gift* and not a mere semblance of one. He must find significant opportunities and have "live" options. The Event that "appropriates" us includes our acceptance of opportunities as inspirations. But how significant would our act be if the Event is endlessly plastic?

The need to be right, the care that Heidegger identifies as the core of our Being, both these are constant. But how can that be, unless our possibilities, however varied, stand inherently graded with respect to one another? Without such gradation of relevance, what would choice have to go on? Does not the same need imply the same inspiration? Must we not reintroduce a touch of Platonism and allow at least an ever renewed structure of inspiration and appropriation, in no matter how many guises and disguises? Otherwise, what would "danger" mean, and what, "rescue"? Unless we acknowledge somehow a sameness in the Event of Being, it would amount to the tautology, What happens happens, and human history would be no more than "a tale/Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,/Signifying nothing."

Well, why not? It really is hard to say, except that we cannot stop there, but keep on wondering. And so we have worked our way back around to the same old question: Why is there anything at all rather than nothing, and why are we the way we are? But this is no time to quit asking the question. When his arguments came full circle, Socrates would say, "Let us start anew."

## NOTES

1. Cf. Martin Heidegger, *Sein und Zeit*, 7th ed. (Tübingen, 1953), p. 151.
2. Cf. Heidegger, "Time and Being," in *On Time and Being* (New York, 1972), pp. 15ff, *Zur Sache des Denkens* (Tübingen, 1969), pp. 12ff.
3. *Phaedo* 82E, Jowett's translation.
4. Quotations from James in these pages will be found in "The Sentiment of Rationality" and in the "Conclusions" of *Varieties of Religious Experience*. "Options" alludes to "The Will to Believe." "On Sanctity" supports the energetic nature of the saintly life.

5. Much of what follows in the text unfolds Heideggerian understanding, often in his terminology; but he should not be held responsible for all that I say or for how I say it or for anything that I fail to say. I neither appeal to Heidegger as an authority nor claim originality for my discourse. I am trying to capture something basic that I think I can and must live with, and that others will appreciate if they stop to think.

6. *Sein und Zeit*, p. 161. My translation.

7. Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*. 7. My translation.

8. Wittgenstein, *Tractatus*. 6.54.

9. Martin Heidegger, *Die Technik und die Kehre* (Pfullingen: Neske, 1962), p. 41. My translation.